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showily conspicuous, a man too like what most of us desire to be to permit of much praise without either affected eloquence or dull commonplace.

Mr. Auerbach, however, has discharged his difficult task not only with spirit, but with singular success. He says simple things well. He limns with distinguished clearness plain ideals of intellect and honor; he makes us feel that the good man, the pillar of society, the salt of the earth is simple in principle but complex in mind, and that his problems are none of the simplest. Successful goodness, honorable success, are organized achievements, not the easy outflowing of untempted minds or happy dispositions; and every such accomplishment ought to stand out like a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night.

Of Mr. Davies he says: "To be in doubt as to the propriety of a course of conduct was to be resolved against it; and his whole life was a rebuke to the shallow cynicism that the law is what is boldly asserted and plausibly maintained." It is an unobtrusively big saying, for the dry-rot in our lives is not so much rascality as cynicism and professional narrowness. And in a day in which lawyers are perhaps the least popular of expert and hard-working men, Mr. Auerbach, without at all writing *pro domo*, has truly represented the ideal of the good lawyer as approaching more nearly that of the "happy warrior" than is commonly deemed possible.

The little memorial of Julien Davies will be preserved as a just and fitting estimate, and, like few such tributes, will sometimes be read for its literary—that is, its essential—merit.

TURKEY: A WORLD PROBLEM OF TO-DAY. By Talcott Williams. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company.

Mr. Williams knows Turkey, and he has faith in the United States. Consequently he wants the United States to accept a "receivership" for Turkey. The term seems ill-chosen. Most of us would rather accept a mandate than a receivership any day. But then Mr. Williams is not the king of phrase-makers: he is just an exceptionally interesting and well-informed writer. He urges his point persuasively, vibrates the strings of our better natures—and leaves us unconvinced.

Geographically and economically, the situation of Turkey is such that no one Power may venture to take it all. "The attempt would bring a European coalition." But, on the other hand, "no division can be anything but temporary. . . . A network of agreements as to railroad rates, concessions, and loans to native governments is needed to provide for, but cannot prevent, future friction between France and England over Mesopotamia and Syria." There are many other and similar aspects, of course. On the whole, it is a very pretty problem, and what Power can solve it if not America?

History shows that under ordinary circumstances civilization is of slow development. While England went through centuries of political experience, the German Empire was a forced growth. We cannot expect the Turkish region to

develop into a modern commonwealth under present conditions. Yet recent history shows that isolation under favorable circumstances can work wonders; witness the marvelous development of Japan. "How swift the growth may be if there be isolation, security, and teaching from without, Japan shows. Given these, and a nation may be born in a day. The United States, a nation, detached, could give Turkey isolation."

The Turk is a man and as an individual is rather a fine type of manhood; his sins are sins of the government, conceived not at all after the fashion of Western governments (not the Government of Turkey, but the government *in* Turkey) and sins of collective action. If a certain cosmopolitanism, a tendency to praise all races rather aggressively, be something of a pose with the widely read and widely travelled man of journalistic training, if provincialism comes to seem to him at last the unforgivable sin, there is little sign of bias from this cause in what Mr. Williams writes, and his intimate knowledge of the Turkish people gives weight and interest to all his words.

Of course, religion and religious institutions like polygamy complicate the problem. The Koran has been harmful to Turkey; the harem is harmful. But religious differences and prejudices are not very different from sources of intolerance that we understand better as being closer to us. The Turk is not a peculiar fanatic. "The Moslems feel about living under the rule of Christians exactly as southern whites do about living under the rule of negroes." From all this is fetched the argument that the United States as the only truly non-sectarian Power is alone fitted to undertake the rule of Turkey.

One of the most interesting and novel portions of Mr. Williams's treatise is that which describes the origin and history of the pasha system—really an odd device that has had curious consequences. This, while highly instructive in itself, supplies a new reason for American participation. "The revolution in Turkey raised to the rank of pasha men of high character, scholars of eminence, patriotic and able administrators. These are the hope of the empire and of all its races. They once constituted a party in favor of accepting and loyally supporting the supervision of the United States under a mandatory. If this were undertaken, the new administration could come in without a shock. This is the specific administrative reason why, if America assumed control, there would be no such resistance as a ruling class, a trained bureaucracy, factions, or fanatical elements can give."

Finally, Turkey, in common with all Asia is bankrupt—a state in some degree curable by modern organization. The causes are understandable and in a measure remediable. They are not merely laziness or incompetence or, one infers, procreative recklessness. The factory system in Europe swamped Asiatic industry. Modern transportation, the increase in ship tonnage, destroyed the usefulness of the old trade routes. The industrial revolution has proved in the end a boon to the West, but the East has not even had an industrial revolution. The people of Asia are "where we would be if cottage industries and town trades, weaver, spinner, joiner, cordwainer, tailor, smith, and

tanner, had been put out of business, and miner, farmer, and small shop-keeper had gone with them."

Like almost every book by a journalist, even a great journalist, Mr. Williams's discourse is a somewhat perplexing mixture of exposition, authoritative assertion, explanation of personal opinion, history, and argument. The author is somewhat given to bold, forthright statements: Another great war is certain. India is bound for self-government. Lincoln would have approved our acceptance of a mandate for Turkey. He lays a good deal of stress upon the fact that no country save Turkey has given an important cabinet post to a woman—a fact of the sort justly prized by the journalistic mind, but susceptible of many interpretations. He scorns niggling, has the air of writing fast, and frequently embodies in the middle of a paragraph a statement that would serve its purpose much better as a note at the foot of the page. He has written, however, an exceedingly informing, provocative, variously interesting, and reliable book about Turkey. He not only gives the facts, but contributes his ripe opinions of their importance. His case is logically complete. Only he fails to convince us that we should accept the trusteeship; he has not found the arguments to persuade the doubters, and may even confirm them in their doubts.

MY LIFE HERE AND THERE. By Princess Cantacuzène, Countess Speransky, *née* Grant. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Probably no more entertaining reminiscences have been written in recent years by a native American woman than these by the former Julia Dent Grant, granddaughter of one of the three most prominent men in our annals. And this is remarkable because to a coldly critical eye there is in the story little that is of great significance or stimulus. But the charm of the narrative is great; and this is probably due to the fact that in all the subjects the author treats, from the last days of General Grant to the last court function at St. Petersburg she is so thoroughly and simply American. Adaptable, dauntless, glowing with enjoyment and good feeling, making ardent friends of cynical old diplomatists, conciliating without effort the Dowager Empress of Russia, tactfully subduing the too-devoted Crown Prince of Germany, awakening no spark of jealousy, the American woman goes her way through the most exclusive European circles, liked by everybody, not too critical to enjoy it all, and quietly triumphant. Need one say that the Grant blood does not permit of the too obsequious manner or the too admiring gesture, and that verve in the high-bred American does not imply a tiresome vivacity?

Really, most of the book is about dressing and dancing and court functions, and about people not too deeply analyzed, but its pictures are familiar and vivid, and as the story of a happy, successful life, a continuous victory of the American temperament over strange conditions, a sort of splendid vindication of the type we admire, it is in its naturalness, spontaneity and unconscious charm, almost unrivaled.